

Seventh installment of "WEIR OF HERMISTON," the last story of Robert Louis Stevenson, in this issue.

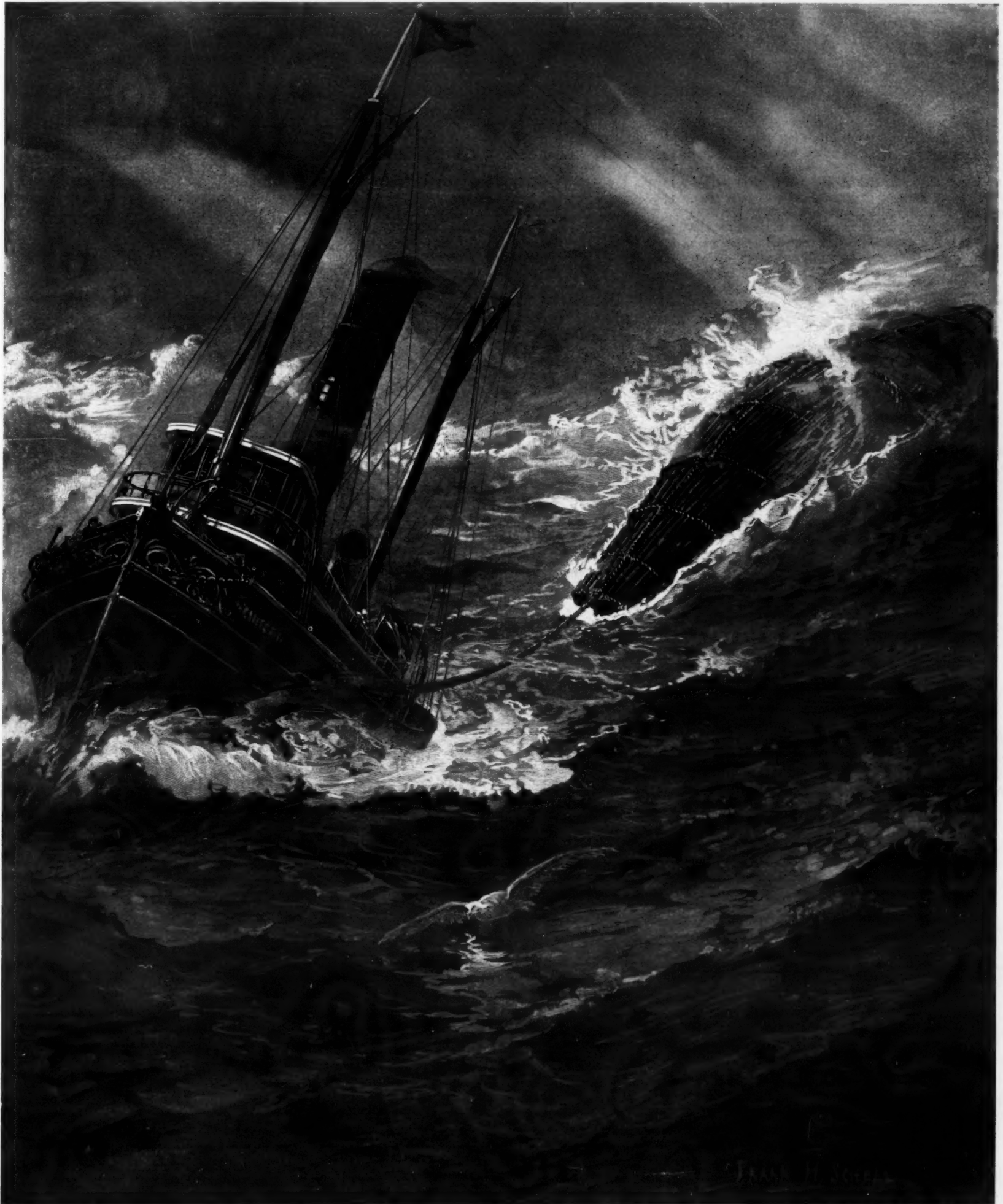
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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TOWING GREAT RAFTS AT SEA.

A RAFT, SIX HUNDRED FEET LONG AND CONTAINING FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET OF LUMBER, EN ROUTE FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER  
TO SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL FROM A SKETCH.—[SEE PAGE 332]





## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Keep Faith with the People.

THERE are some indications that Republican politicians are forgetting the lessons of the last two or three general elections, and are disposed, in some things, to presume that the people have also forgotten recent political history. The Republicans carried the country two years ago on protestations of supreme devotion to the public interests. They pledged themselves to introduce reforms, to put an end to the evils of ring rule in States and municipalities, and to elevate the standard of the public service by eliminating altogether the elements of personal greed and selfishness.

In some places they seem already to have forgotten these engagements. In this State the Legislature, under the dictation of party bosses, has been engaged in "jamming through"—to use the phrase of a party manager—a number of measures which are vigorously opposed by the people, and which embody no possible public advantage. In some of the municipalities of New Jersey, where power was won by pledges of reform in the government, the expected results have not been realized, the public administration not having measured up to the promised standards, and as a result, in elections recently held, the party has suffered severe reverses. Obnoxious candidates, who had refused to recognize the demands of public sentiment, and who imagined themselves secure against assault, were practically annihilated, in some localities, by a concentration of the votes of law-abiding, public spirited citizens who only a year or two ago voted in their favor. In some other States there is, apparently, a like disposition on the part of Republicans to use the power committed to their hands for the furtherance of partisan ends, rather than for the promotion of the public good.

It cannot be otherwise than that this infidelity to engagements solemnly entered into will operate to the detriment of the party in future conflicts. There is a growing independence among voters, and a deepening of the popular consciousness as to the moral forces, which will not brook in any party the methods and policies of selfish partisan leaders. If we are to hold our own in the country, and if we have any desire to permanently impress ourselves as a party upon the life of the time; if Republicanism is to be made a practical beneficence in its operation upon legislation and the maintenance of the social order, we must learn to keep faith with the people at whatever cost of personal ambitions and private greed.

## An Oratorical Opportunity.

THE most notable incident of the last Democratic National Convention, and that for which it will be chiefly remembered by those who participated in it, was the very eloquent and powerful address of Mr. Bourke Cockran in opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Cockran, who has most of the qualities of the genuine orator, never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion, when, with tremendous vehemence, he set forth the objections to the nomination of the ex-President. If he had never achieved any other oratorical distinction, that one speech would give him permanent renown in our political annals.

The coming Republican National Convention may possibly afford opportunities for like distinguished performances of an oratorical character. New York has no great name to propose to that convention. The obtrusive candidacy of our one aspirant has, in a sense, excluded from consideration the names of some of our distinguished sons who might worthily aspire to the party leadership in the great campaign which lies before us. But while we have no candidate of great distinction, we have at least one orator who measures up to the very highest standard of equipment, and who, if called upon to present the name of the candidate whom certain party managers are "booming" so industriously, will unquestionably add greatly to the laurels he has already achieved in the forensic field. We have no desire to see Governor Morton nominated for the Presidency, but we have a very strong desire that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew may be selected to present his name to the convention, because, while the State may fail, even in that case, to secure the nomination, it will at least achieve the distinction of making the most notable contribution to the oratorical literature of the occasion.

It has been urged by some friends of Governor Morton

that it might be dangerous to select Mr. Depew for the performance of this particular function, since the result of his oratory might be the capture of the convention for himself. This, however, seems to us to be altogether improbable. Mr. Depew is a man of too great integrity of purpose, and his devotion to the interests of Governor Morton is too sincere to permit us to believe for a single moment that he would, under any circumstances, accept a nomination coming to him as the result of his own eloquence while advocating the cause of another candidate.

## Crime and Its Causes.

IN a recent charge to the grand jury in the United States District Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, the presiding judge affirmed that the increase of crime in that section of the country is chiefly traceable to the manner in which assassins are dealt with. Lynchings follow in regular sequence the derelictions of the courts. Mobs do not occur where the courts make an honest effort to enforce the laws. The people should demand, continued the judge, that they discontinue intrigue and hair-splitting distinctions in favoring the criminal at the expense of life. "This is the glaring evil," said he, "that is sapping the life and power out of our nation. The murderer stalks abroad in the land and is able to defy the law through the protection afforded him by the appellate courts." The judge strongly favored the suggestion made by Justice Brewer before the Michigan Bar Association at its last meeting, in which he said that the appeal in criminal cases should be abolished and a board of pardons be created who, on appeal, should examine the full record and decide whether the appellant had been unjustly convicted or excessively punished.

The Western judge was undoubtedly right in his declaration that the crime of lynching, which has reached such startling proportions in this country in the past few years, is due in large part to a settled distrust of the procedure of the courts in criminal cases, and especially the workings of the jury system. It is extremely difficult for the average mind to discern how the ends of justice are furthered by the tedious delays, seemingly endless adjournments and appeals, and all the maze of technicalities involved in the conduct of many of these cases. Under such methods it often happens that murderers and other notorious criminals go unpunished for years or escape the meshes of the law altogether. Statistics show that during the last five years there has been an average of 7,217 homicides per year, and that in the same period of time there have only been 723 legal executions. After making all possible allowances for murderers who were not apprehended, and for others who escaped capital punishment for good legal reasons, there still remains a disparity between these figures of crime and its punishment which cannot be explained except on the ground of the weakness and inefficiency of our criminal courts. The disparity mentioned affords also the best explanation of the fact that over eleven hundred lynchings took place in the period named.

One of the best and most effectual remedies for lynching and other forms of violence may be found in the prompt and energetic action of the courts in criminal cases. The same thing is true as to crimes generally. Three years ago a national bank in one of the interior cities of this State was wrecked, being plundered of some five hundred thousand dollars. The perpetrators of the crime were known, and there was no doubt as to the duty of the government to prosecute them, but nothing effective was done until two or three weeks since, when orders were issued by the attorney-general that the offenders should be brought to trial. It goes without saying that this delay and neglect on the part of the Federal officials have had a most pernicious effect upon the popular mind in creating the impression that the interests of criminals are more dear to the courts and the lawyers than the interests of honest and law-abiding people. This impression may not be altogether correct, but it cannot be denied that it has some foundation in fact, and the sooner it is dispelled the better it will be for the interests of law and order generally.

## Pension Legislation.



IT is impossible to escape the conclusion that some of the special pension legislation of Congress is without justification in sound policy, and that it often proposes a deliberate waste and misappropriation of public moneys. Bills are passed under pressure of partisan motive, or for other reasons, which cannot stand the scrutiny of any person who is governed by considerations of economy and integrity.

Two or three recent illustrations of this careless and indefensible legislation are brought to public attention by veto messages of the President. In one of these cases the bill proposed to pension a citizen of Kansas who had never been at any time enlisted in the military service of the country, and whose only display of patriotism seems to have been made on a certain occasion when he took a photograph of some rebel works in obedience to the order of an officer. While engaged in making this picture he was shot in the back, and as a result of his wound he lost his

eyesight. It appears in evidence that no reputable surgeon could be found who was willing to approve of the claim set up by him on the basis of these facts, but in spite of this circumstance both houses of Congress deliberately passed the bill.

This case illustrates in a striking way the carelessness—not to call it by any harsher name—which marks too much of the legislation on this general subject. We have always insisted that every veteran of the war who was disabled while in actual service, and every dependent widow of a soldier who gave his life for the country, should be pensioned by the government. The nation does not begrudge its loyal defenders who have survived the shocks of conflict, or the wives and children of those who perished, the pittance which is allowed them under existing laws. The people are profoundly grateful for the work which the "boys in blue" performed in their behalf in the stress of internecine conflict, but they have no sympathy at all with fraudulent claimants for a share in their bounty, and no member of Congress who imagines that he can propitiate their favor by voting away the public money in doubtful cases really strengthens himself in their regard by so doing.

## Present Salvation Army Methods.



IT may seem uncharitable to say it, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that the course which is being pursued by the new commanders of the Salvation Army is not calculated to win the confidence of the American public. There is an ostentation about the methods employed by them which smacks of an eager desire for notoriety; in other words, they seem to be, a good deal of the time, "playing to the galleries." Apparently conscious that the army has suffered in the public esteem as the result of recent events in its history, the present commander-in-chief is seeking to propitiate public favor by protestations of sympathy with American ideas and American feeling which are so extraordinarily fervent in their character that they provoke suspicion instead of appealing animosity. It was not merely the ostentatious announcement, immediately upon his arrival here, that he proposed at once to become an American citizen, or the other proclamation, that he had the most unbounded respect for American institutions, that excited remark. A week or so ago the daily newspapers published extensive accounts of a visit made by Mr. Booth-Tucker to the slums of the city. Copious details were given of his visit to a low-down lodging-house and of the experiences he had with the inmates. Every person reading between the lines discerned that all these accounts had been inspired, and was led to suspect that there was as much of a purpose to advertise the new commander and his methods as there was to acquire information which he could use advantageously in his work.

The action of the commander in this particular case is strikingly in contrast with that of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth. Mrs. Booth went down into the depths of our city life, and was in personal touch with the miseries and vice which fester in the dark; spent days and weeks in the study of the terrible conditions of the "Submerged Tenth," and did it without thought of self or blare of trumpets; did it so silently and effectually that the public never knew of it except as she disclosed in her matchless addresses and in the regular order of things, the results of her observations. The work in the slums of New York had its initiative in this personal inspection, and the results which have followed it are due to the fact that the methods employed were adjusted to the exact conditions and based upon a full knowledge of the environment of the unfortunates who had to be dealt with.

Unquestionably, the Salvation Army has accomplished a work of immense value. It has brought salvation from the ills of life to thousands whom the church had given up as worthless and lost. It has inspired thousands of the discouraged and despairing with new motives and aspirations, and it has made fruitful multitudes of lives which were barren. It can, if wisely led, hold its peculiar field, and continue to be a potential factor in the great work of helping and evangelizing the masses of our population. The Volunteer organization recently launched is in no sense hostile to the army. In so far as it occupies the same field its methods will not essentially differ from those which are pursued by the older organization. But its main work will be in a larger sphere and have to do with a class which has never been in any real sense the object of army sympathy or effort. There is room enough for both organizations. And the friends of philanthropy and all sympathizers with sound morals will co-operate generously with both so long as they address themselves conscientiously, intelligently, and unselfishly to the work in hand.

But the new commanders of the Salvationists should understand that they cannot shake public confidence in the personal character or the purity of motive and purpose of the Ballington Booths. All the correspondence concerning the recent difficulties which has so far been published goes to show that the latter have been dominated throughout by an unselfish devotion to a sacred work which is worthy of all praise. They were driven, in sheer obedience to their own high convictions of duty, to refuse longer to submit to an autocratic oversight which brooked no contradiction,



which refused disdainfully all confidence, and which, in a sense, made mere machines of all its agents.

### Parks and Street Railways.

It is universally admitted that the greatest weakness of our scheme of government is in municipal administration. Especially is this true in the disposal of street franchises. It seems inconceivable that the representatives of intelligent constituencies could have voted away, as has been done in all our larger cities, privileges worth millions of dollars and given perpetual rights to corporations which ought to be paying a very large proportion of municipal revenue in the way of special taxes. The past ten years have been especially instructive as to the enormous values of street railways. There are probably fifty, and possibly a hundred, men who, within a dozen years, have become millionaires simply on the increase in the value of city transportation properties. The basis and the greater part of all this unprecedented growth in valuation is the right to use the streets, and the fact that the wealth of these men is increasing at a rate unparalleled even in the history of this remarkable country emphasizes the misfortune that befell the interests of the people when the franchises were voted for a mere nothing. Eventually the people will find that the folly and short-sightedness of their city councils will cost them billions of dollars that will go into the pockets of private individuals.

An eloquent illustration of all this is found in the experience of the city of Baltimore, which is, in one respect at least, the most fortunate municipality in the United States. At the time that the agitation for a park system was under way in Baltimore there was a savage competition for the right to use the principal streets for horse-cars. Happily the city treasury at that time was at a rather low ebb, and in casting about for ways and means by which a park might be purchased and maintained, it was suggested that a special tax be imposed upon the company which used the streets for the railway in question. A law was accordingly passed providing that twenty per centum of the gross revenue of all street-railway companies be paid to the city in quarterly installments. This condition was accepted by the railway corporation. The ordinance was signed in 1859, and in 1860 nearly forty thousand dollars was collected. The tax increased regularly until 1874, when it amounted to ninety-two thousand dollars. It was then just after the panic, and the railways, on the plea of poverty, secured a reduction to twelve per centum. This they paid regularly until 1886, when the movement was made for a general five-cent fare in all parts of the city. There was a vigorous fight and a compromise was effected by which the people got their five-cent fares and the special tax was reduced to nine per centum, at which it now remains. This is less than one-half what it was at first, and yet in spite of the decrease in the rate the amount has steadily gone upward, and it is increasing so surely that the revenue each year can be calculated in advance almost to the dollar.

Since the tax was imposed the street railways have paid into the city treasury the enormous aggregate of over four million, nine hundred thousand dollars. Baltimore not long since acquired an entirely new system of rapid transit, aggregating more than two hundred miles of cable and trolley road. The travel has increased enormously, so that conservative men estimate that within ten years the city's revenue from this source will be half a million dollars a year, and that in twenty years it will easily be a million. All this money goes to the support of the parks of the city, and it has purchased and maintained for Baltimore an equipment of the finest pleasure-grounds possessed by any city in the South and equal to any in the United States. During the past year a splendid new park of four hundred acres, the old Clifton estate of Johns Hopkins, was purchased at a cost of seven hundred and ten thousand dollars, without a penny from the tax-payers, the bonds issued being taken care of by the park commissioners out of their receipts from the city passenger-railway companies. The tax is regarded simply as a right, and no one but some of the weaker street-car lines looks upon it as unjust in any particular. For instance, the company which pays the most tax also pays to its stockholders a dividend on three times the par value of its stock. That in itself shows very conclusively the entire wisdom and justice of the tax.

### Another Significant Break.

THE "Solid South"—or, rather, the partisan despotism which has so long held most of the Southern States in its grip—is fractured at another point. In the recent State election in Louisiana the Democratic majority was reduced from sixty-five thousand to fifteen thousand, the city of New Orleans was carried overwhelmingly for reform and against the Democratic ring, while in Baton Rouge, St. Mary, and other parishes the Republicans made heavy gains. It is charged that in the negro parishes, where all the polls were watched by detectives and where large Democratic majorities were returned by the election commissioners, the count was largely fraudulent; and it is understood that the whole matter will be brought into court, with a view of showing, by affidavits already obtained, that the vote in the black belt was not one-fourth as large as the majority returned for the Democratic ticket. The Legislature, too, which has a Democratic majority of only four or five on joint ballot, will be asked to investi-

gate the alleged frauds; and it is not impossible that, if a re-count can be had in some of the parishes, sufficient changes may be made to transfer control to the reform element. The result of the voting in New Orleans was especially notable from the fact that the Democrats had the backing of the State machine and full control of all the local election machinery, and also from the fact that, with a white majority of thirty-seven thousand in the total vote, the Democratic candidate for Governor had a majority of only five thousand against 22,272 Democratic majority at the last election.

These indications of the growing independence of the white voters have occasioned great alarm among the Democratic leaders, but they are not likely to be regarded with any serious apprehension by the friends of good government there or elsewhere. The Citizens' League, under whose auspices the recent victory was won, represents the best citizenship of Louisiana, and the courage and sagacity it has displayed in its campaign justify a belief that it will persist in its propaganda until it has achieved all the results at which it has aimed. It is a great point gained for honest citizenship and good government when men of all parties are willing and able to unite, without regard to partisan considerations, in support of clean men, pure methods, and upright administration.

### A Physiognomical Theory Verified.

It is a theory of physiognomists, and one often verified, that man and wife will in time grow to look alike. It is a very consistent theory that when two persons wholly in accord with each other physically and mentally live side



Photograph by Rockwood.



Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery.

MAJOR AND MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

by side for years they will acquire a facial resemblance, no matter how opposite in appearance when first married. This theory has a striking verification in Major and Mrs. William McKinley, who a year from now may be residents of the White House. It has long been a subject of remark at Washington that Mrs. Cleveland has taken a remarkable resemblance to her husband. This can be noticed best by the unskilled observer by comparing the expression of the eyes. It is not always that the likeness extends to a change in the actual physical conformation of the face, but with Mrs. McKinley, as with Mrs. Cleveland, there is in the expression more than in the features a resemblance to the Napoleonic face of her distinguished husband.

It would be strange, indeed, if Mrs. McKinley did not absorb her husband's expression. For years she has been "wrapped up in him," to use an old-time, homely illustration. Day and night, absent or near, her thought has been ever and always of William McKinley. When he was away touring the country she sat at home, an invalid in body but strong in soul, and found consolation in looking at his photographs. She would sit for hours at a time handling first a photograph of him in his youth, when he came a-wooing; then one of his first political victory; another when, in the full vigor of manhood, he went to the National Congress, and so on. Daily, in campaign times, when her husband was on the stump in nearly every State of the Union, Mrs. McKinley received a telegram at breakfast, another at noon, and one at night, from the devoted husband, who in the midst of plaudits and adulation never forgot the patient invalid at home.

With her soul going out to a husband all these years, keeping pace with his rapid progress toward the pinnacle of fame, is it any wonder that those who know Mrs. Ida Saxton McKinley best and love her most see that she resembles more and more the husband who has always been a lover?

Even the cold and calculating camera has caught the resemblance—a likeness which is more of the soul than of flesh and blood.

FRANCIS B. GESSNER.

### A Victory for Toleration.

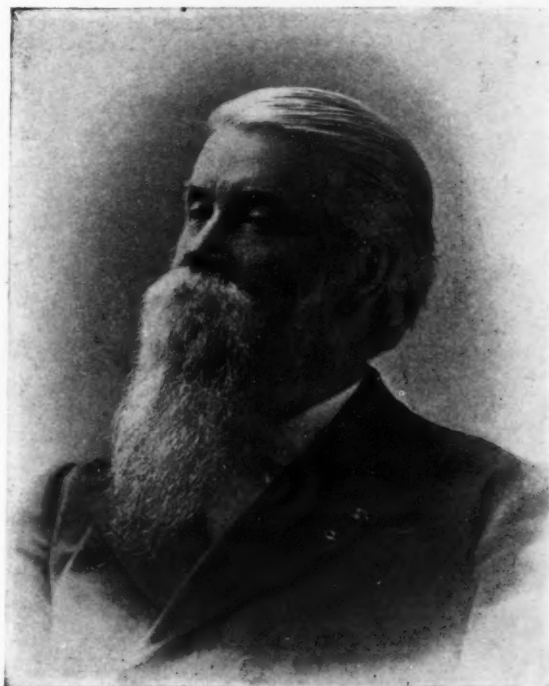
THE ultra-conservatives of the Presbyterian Church, who have undertaken to manacle Christian scholarship and to stifle freedom of judgment, must begin to understand by this time that it is hard to kick against the pricks. The recent action of the New York Presbytery, where the prosecution of Professor Briggs had its origin, shows conclusively that a change is coming over the minds of the thoughtful men, both clergy and laity, of this particular church, in reference to the authority of the General Assembly and the rights of individual churches and presbyteries. Not content with ostracizing Professor Briggs, the General Assembly, two years ago, issued its mandate that no student applying for licensure from the Union Theological Seminary, where he is an instructor, should be admitted to that privilege. This was an extraordinary stretch

of power, being, in point of fact, a direct invasion of the inherent constitutional rights of the presbytery as to the reception and licensing of candidates for the ministry. It was very naturally resisted, and at the last meeting of the presbytery, after a somewhat tumultuous discussion of the whole subject, a resolution was adopted by a decisive majority declaring that the presbytery would not exclude from licensure students who gave evidence and assurance of their loyalty to the standards of the church, no matter whence they may come. The justice and propriety of this decision are so obvious that it is a little surprising to learn that a minority of the presbytery propose to carry a protest to the General Assembly, with a view of obtaining another deliverance on the subject. It may well be doubted, however, whether that body, in view of the vehement protest against its action which has come up from all parts of the country, will care again to attempt authoritative control of the presbyteries in a matter which belongs constitutionally and solely to them.

There can be no doubt at all that the influence of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has been impaired by the controversy which has arisen over the admissibility of the so-called Higher Criticism and the principle of assembly control. Under the Presbyterian system of government the initiative in every assertion of church sovereignty lies with the individual church. Any attempt on the part of the assembly to restrain or negative the will of the primary body is a usurpation which cannot be justified or sustained. A conviction of this fact has alienated from the church during the last two or three years the confidence and co-operation of thoughtful Christian men who were unwilling to contribute of their means and efforts to the maintenance of a church which deliberately antagonized the spirit of the age. Now that the New York Presbytery, acting in sympathy with other presbyteries which have unhesitatingly granted licensure to students of the Union Seminary notwithstanding the prohibition of the General Assembly, has declared its independence of unwarranted control, it is probable that the tendency to organized revolt will be arrested, and that men of naturally Presbyterian inclinations, who have declined to identify themselves with the denomination because of the attitude it had occupied as to enlightened criticism and independence of personal opinion, will find their rightful place as recruits under the blue banner.

### The McKinley Arithmetician.

No Ohio member of Congress is more conspicuously in evidence just now than Hon. C. H. Grosvenor. Mr. Grosvenor is one of those who believe that every consideration of sound party policy demands the nomination of Governor McKinley for the Presidency, and he has given himself to the promotion of that end with an enthusiasm and heartiness which challenge the admiration of all beholders. He may be, in a sense, regarded as the arithmetician of the



HON. C. H. GROSVENOR.  
Photograph by Bell.

McKinley campaign. His bulletins, given out from time to time, state the McKinley strength in the various States as based upon the evidence at his command, and while his statements are not infrequently challenged, they are probably more nearly accurate than those of some other candidates. There is, possibly, a little more of the bulletin business than is necessary to the maintenance of the confidence of Mr. McKinley's friends; who scarcely need to have their faith buttressed by weekly or daily pronouncements but there can be no doubt at all that the announcements made from time to time are awaited with a good deal of interest—just as the weather bulletins are looked for with more or less concern by everybody who wishes to keep up with the times.





AS "PATIENCE."  
Photograph by Anderson.



AS THE "GODDESS OF TRUTH."  
Photograph by Aimé Dupont.



FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.  
Copyright photograph by Morrison.



AS THE "LITTLE DUKE."  
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AS THE "GODDESS OF TRUTH."  
Copyright photograph by Aimé Dupont.



AS THE "QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS."  
Copyright photograph by Baker.

### LILLIAN RUSSELL.

THE STAGE CAREER OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—[SEE PAGE 333.]





*He ensconced himself in a quiet corner and pursued his movements with a telescope."*

## WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Copyright, 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

### SYNOPSIS.

ADAM WEIR, Lord Hermiston, first the lord-advocate and then the lord justice-clerk of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh, has married Jean Rutherford, last heir of her line, upon whose estate at the Scottish village of Crossmichael he resides when court is not in session. He is noted for his severity, and has become famous for the "hanging face" with which he confronts criminals—while his wife is of a mildly religious type. Their son Archibald combines the qualities of the two, but has been brought up by his mother almost exclusively. She inspires him with her religious views, so that, unconsciously, he grows to resent his father's severity and roughness. His mother having died, Archie continues his studies, having little in common with Lord Hermiston, with one of whose fellow-justices and friends, however, a scholarly gentleman of the old school, he forms a close friendship. At the trial of one Jopp, for murder, Archie is especially offended by his father's coarse remarks, and, brooding over the exhibition of what seems to him savage cruelty, he attends the execution. As the man's body falls he cries out: "I denounce this God-defying murder." The same evening, at his college debating society, he propounds the question "whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy." A great scandal is aroused in the city by these actions of the son of Lord Hermiston. Archie meets the family doctor, who shows him by an anecdote that, under his father's granite exterior, the latter has a great love for him. This creates a revulsion in Archie's feelings. His father soon hears of his son's performances and reproaches him severely. Archie accepts the rebuke and submits himself. Nevertheless, Lord Hermiston orders him to abandon the law, and assigns him to the care of the estate at Crossmichael. Archie goes the same evening to call on the old justice already mentioned, who comforts him and points out his father's great abilities, and together they drink the health of Lord Hermiston. Archie establishes himself on the estate, and finds still at the homestead his mother's former housekeeper, Kirstie (or Christina) Elliott, a distant relative of his mother's, who is devoted to the family fortunes. Kirstie indulges him with many long talks, recounting the history of the region. She tells him a great deal about her four nephews, formerly a wild set, but now leading quiet lives. Robert, or "Hob," is the laird of Cauldstaneslap, a small property near by. Gilbert is a weaver and independent preacher. Clement has removed to Glasgow and become a well-to-do merchant. Andrew, or "Dandle," a shepherd by trade, is a great wanderer about the country and a local poet of repute. Archie asks Kirstie if there is not a sister also. She admits that there is a young girl, Kirstie, named after herself, and now at Glasgow with Clement. Archie discovers that there is a marked coolness between the elder Kirstie and some of her nephews, the result of some old quarrel, so that they never come to see her. He goes to the Cauldstaneslap church one Sunday, and there meets the younger Kirstie. He talks with her on the way home. Both are much impressed with each other. The same afternoon young Kirstie goes for a walk over the moors to the Praying Weaver's Stone, a local monument of interest. As she sits on it she sees a figure coming along the path from Hermiston House. It proves to be Archie, who has been impelled to walk toward Kirstie's home. They sit on the stone. Kirstie sings one of her brother's ballads for him, and goes home, both parting with much suppressed feeling. Meanwhile, Frank Innes, one of Archie's college chums, gets into trouble in Edinburgh and comes down to visit Archie. He does not make a favorable impression on the Scotch peasantry.



### VII.—(Continued).

It was a strange thing how misfortune dogged Frank in his efforts to be genial. He was the very picture of good looks, good humor, and manly youth. He had bright eyes with a sparkle and a dance to them, curly hair, a charming smile, brilliant teeth, an admirable carriage of the head, the look of a gentleman, the address of one accustomed to please at first sight and to improve the impression. And with all these advantages he failed with every one about Hermiston; with the silent shepherd, with the obsequious grieve, with the groom who was also the plowman, with the gardener and the gardener's sister—a pious, down-hearted woman with a shawl over her ears—he failed equally and flatly. They did not like him, and they showed it. The little maid, indeed, was an exception; she admired him devoutly, probably dreamed of him in her private hours; but she was accustomed to play the part of silent auditor to Kirstie's tirades and silent recipient of Kirstie's buffets, and she had learned not only to be a very capable girl of her years, but a very secret and prudent one besides. Frank was thus conscious that he had one ally and sympathizer in the midst of that general union of disfavor that surrounded, watched, and waited on him in the house of Hermiston; but he had little comfort or society from that alliance, and the demure little maid (twelve on her last birthday) preserved her own counsel, and tripped on his service, brisk, dumbly responsive, but inexorably unconvivial. For the others, they were beyond hope and beyond endurance. Never had a young Apollo been cast among such rustic barbarians.

Nor was Frank more successful when he went farther afield. To the four black brothers, for instance, he was antipathetic in the highest degree. Hob thought him too light, Gib too profane. Clem, who saw him but for a day or two before he went to Glasgow, wanted to know what the fule's business was, and whether he meant to stay here all session time! "Yon's a drone," he pronounced. As for Dand, it will be enough to describe their first meeting, when Frank had been whipping a river and the rustic celebrity chanced to come along the path.

"I'm told you're quite a poet," Frank had said.

"Wha tell't ye that, mannie?" had been the unconciliating answer.

"Oh, everybody!" says Frank.

"Gad! Here's fame!" said the sardonic poet, and he had passed on his way.

Frank had better success of it at the Crossmichael Club, to which Archie took him immediately on his arrival; his own last appearance on that scene of gayety. Frank was made welcome

there at once, continued to go regularly, and had attended a meeting (as the members ever after loved to tell) on the evening before his death. Young Hay and Young Pringle appeared again. There was another supper at Windielaws, another dinner at Driffel; and it resulted in Frank being taken to the bosom of the country people as unreservedly as he had been repudiated by the country folk. He occupied Hermiston after the manner of an invader in a conquered capital. He was perpetually issuing from it, as from a base, to toddy-parties, fishing-parties, and dinner-parties, to which Archie was not invited, or to which Archie would not go. It was now that the name of The Recluse became general for the young man. Some say that Innes invented it; Innes, at least, spread it abroad.

"How's all with your Recluse to-day?" people would ask.

"Oh, reclusing away!" Innes would declare, with his bright air of saying something witty; and immediately interrupt the general laughter which he had provoked much more by his air than his words, "Mind you, it's all very well laughing, but I'm not very well pleased. Poor Archie is a good fellow, an excellent fellow; a fellow I always liked. I think it small of him to take his little disgrace so hard and shut himself up. 'Grant that it is a ridiculous story, painfully ridiculous,' I keep telling him. 'Be a man! Live it down, man!' But not he. Of course, it's just solitude and shame and all that. But I confess I'm beginning to fear the result. It would be all the pities in the world if a really promising fellow like Weir was to end ill. I'm seriously tempted to write to Lord Hermiston and put it plainly to him."

"I would if I were you," some of his auditors would say, shaking the head, sitting bewildered and confused at this new view of the matter, so deftly indicated by a single word. "A capital idea!" they would add, and wonder at the aplomb and position of this young man, who talked as a matter of course of writing to Hermiston and correcting him upon his private affairs.

And Frank would proceed, sweetly confidential: "I'll give you an idea, now. He's actually sore about the way that I'm received and he's left out, in the county—actually jealous and sore. I've rallied him and I've reasoned with him, told him that every one was most kindly inclined toward him, told him even that I was received merely because I was his guest. But it's no use. He will neither accept the invitations he gets, nor stop brooding about the ones where he's left out. What I'm afraid of is that the wound's ulcerating. He had always one of those dark, secret, angry natures—a little underhand and plenty of bile—you know the sort. He must have inherited it from the Weirs, whom I suspect to have been a worthy family of weavers somewhere; what's the cant phrase?—sedentary occupation. It's precisely the kind of character to go wrong in a false position like what his father's made him, or he's making for



himself, whichever you like to call it. And for my part, I think it a disgrace," Frank would say, generously.

Presently the sorrow and anxiety of this disinterested friend took shape. He began in private, in conversation of two, to talk vaguely of bad habits and low habits. "I must say I'm afraid he's going wrong altogether," he would say. "I'll tell you plainly, and between ourselves, I scarcely like to stay there any longer; only, man, I'm positively afraid to leave him alone. You'll see I shall be blamed for it later on. I'm staying at a great sacrifice. I'm hindering my chances at the Bar, and I can't blind my eyes to it. And what I'm afraid of is that I'm going to get kicked for it all around before all's done. You see, nobody believes in friendship nowadays."

"Well, Innes," his interlocutor would reply, "it's very good of you, I must say that. If there's any blame going you'll always be sure of my good word, for one thing."

"Well," Frank would continue, "candidly, I don't say it's pleasant. He has a very rough way with him; his father's son, you know. I don't say he's rude—of course, I couldn't be expected to stand that—but he steers very near the wind. No, it's not pleasant; but I tell ye, man, in conscience I don't think it would be fair to leave him. Mind you, I don't say there's anything actually wrong. What I say is that I don't like the looks of it, man!" and he would press the arm of his momentary confidant.

In the early stages I am persuaded there was no malice. He talked but for the pleasure of airing himself. He was essentially glib, as becomes the young advocate, and essentially careless of the truth, which is the mark of the young ass; and so he talked at random. There was no particular bias, but that one which is indigenous and universal, to flatter himself and to please and interest the present friend. And by thus milling air out of his mouth he had presently built up a presentation of Archie which was known and talked of in all corners of the county. Wherever there was a residential house and a walled garden, wherever there was a dwarfish castle and a park, wherever a quadruple cottage by the ruins of a peel-tower showed an old family going down, and wherever a handsome villa with a carriage approach and a shrubbery marked the coming up of a new one—probably on the wheels of machinery—Archie began to be regarded in the light of a dark, perhaps a vicious mystery, and the future developments of his career to be looked for with uneasiness and confidential whispering. He had done something disgraceful, my dear. What, was not precisely known, and that good, kind young man, Mr. Innes, did his best to make light of it. But there it was. And Mr. Innes was very anxious about him now; he was really uneasy, my dear; he was positively wrecking his own prospects because he dared not leave him alone. How wholly we all lie at the mercy of a single prater, not needfully with any malign purpose! And if a man but talks of himself in the right spirit, refers to his virtuous actions by the way and never applies to them the name of virtue, how easily his evidence is accepted in the court of public opinion!

All this while, however, there was a more poisonous ferment at work between the two lads, which came late indeed to the surface, but had modified and magnified their dissensions from the first. To an idle, shallow, easy-going customer like Frank, the smell of a mystery was attractive. It gave his mind something to play with, like a new toy to a child; and it took him on the weak side; for, like many young men coming to the Bar, and before they have been tried and found wanting, he flattered himself he was a fellow of unusual quickness and penetration. They knew nothing of Sherlock Holmes in these days, but there was a good deal said of Talleyrand. And if you could have caught Frank off his guard he would have confessed with a smirk that, if he resembled anyone, it was the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord. It was on the occasion of Archie's first absence that this interest took root. It was vastly deepened when Kirstie resented his curiosity at breakfast. And that same afternoon there occurred another scene which clinched the business. He was fishing Swingleburn, Archie accompanying him, when the latter looked at his watch.

"Well, good-bye," said he. "I have something to do. See you at dinner."

"Don't be in such a hurry," cries Frank. "Hold on till I get my rod up. I'll go with you; I'm sick of flogging this ditch." And he began to reel up his line.

Archie stood speechless. He took a long while to recover his wits under this direct attack; but by the time he was ready with his answer, and the angle was almost packed up, he had become completely Weir, and the hanging face gloomed on his young shoulders. He spoke with a labored composure, a labored kindness even; but a child could see that his mind was made up.

"I beg your pardon, Innes; I don't want to

be disagreeable, but let us understand one another from the beginning. When I want your company I'll let you know."

"Oh!" cries Frank, "you don't want my company, don't you?"

"Apparently not just now," replied Archie. "I even indicated to you when I did, if you'll remember—and that was at dinner. If we two fellows are to live together pleasantly—and I see no reason why we should not—it can only be by respecting each other's privacy. If we begin intruding—"

"Oh, come, I'll take this at no man's hands. Is this the way you treat a guest and an old friend?" cried Innes.

"Just go home and think over what I said by yourself," continued Archie, "whether it's reasonable, or whether it's really offensive or not; and let's meet at dinner as though nothing had happened. I'll put it this way, if you like—that I know my own character, that I'm looking forward (with great pleasure, I assure you) to a long visit from you, and that I'm taking precautions at the first. I see the thing that we—that I, if you like—might fall out upon, and I step in and *obsto principiis*. I wager you five pounds you'll end by seeing that I mean friendliness, and I assure you, Frankie, I do," he added, relenting.

Bursting with anger, but incapable of speech, Innes shouldered his rod, made a gesture of farewell, and strode off down the burn-side.

#### PART VI.

ARCHIE watched him go without moving. He was sorry, but quite unashamed. He hated to be inhospitable, but in one thing he was his father's son. He had a strong sense that his house was his own and no man else's; and to lie at a guest's mercy was what he refused. He hated to seem harsh. But that was Frank's look-out. If Frank had been commonly discreet he would have been decently courteous. And there was another consideration. The secret he was protecting was not his own merely, it was hers; it belonged to that inexpressible she who was fast taking possession of his soul, and whom he would soon have defended at the cost of burning cities. By the time he had watched Frank as far as the Swingleburnfoot, appearing and disappearing in the tarnished heather, still stalking at a fierce gait but already dwindled in the distance into less than the smallness of Lilliput, he could afford to smile at the occurrence. Either Frank would go, and that would be a relief—or he would continue to stay, and his host must continue to endure him. And Archie was now free—by devious paths, behind hillocks, and in the hollow of burns—to make for the trysting-place where Kirstie, cried about by the curlew and the plover, waited and burned for his coming by the Covenanter's stone.

Innes went off down-hill in a passion of resentment, easy to be understood, but which yielded progressively to the needs of his situation. He cursed Archie for a cold-hearted, unfriendly, rude dog, and himself still more passionately for a fool in having come to Hermiston when he might have sought refuge in almost any other house in Scotland. But the step, once taken, was practically irrevocable. He had no more ready money to go anywhere else; he would have to borrow from Archie the next club-night; and, ill as he thought of his host's manner, he was sure of his practical generosity. Frank's resemblance to Talleyrand strikes me as imaginary; but at least not Talleyrand himself could have more obediently taken his lesson from the facts. He met Archie at dinner without resentment, almost with cordiality. You must take your friends as you find them, he would have said. Archie couldn't help being his father's son, or his grandfather's—the hypothetical weaver's—grandson. The son of a hunk, he was still a hunk at heart, incapable of true generosity and consideration; but he had other qualities with which Frank could divert himself in the meanwhile, and to enjoy which it was necessary that Frank should keep his temper.

So excellently was it controlled that he awoke next morning with his head full of a different, though a cognate subject. What was Archie's little game? Why did he shun Frank's company? What was he keeping secret? Was he keeping tryst with somebody, and was it a woman? It would be a good joke and a fair revenge to discover. To that task he set himself with a great deal of patience, which might have surprised his friends, for he had been always credited not with patience so much as with brilliancy; and little by little, from one point to another, he at last succeeded in piecing out the situation. First he remarked that, although Archie set out in all the directions of the compass, he always came home again from some point between the south and west. From the study of a map, and in consideration of the great expanse of untenanted moorland running in that direction toward the sources of the Clyde, he laid his finger on Cauldstaneslap and two other neighboring farms, Kingsmuirs and

Polintarf. But it was difficult to advance farther. With his rod for a pretext, he vainly visited each of them in turn; nothing was to be seen suspicious about this trinity of muirland settlements. He would have tried to follow Archie had it been the least possible, but the nature of the land precluded the idea. He did the next best, ensconced himself in a quiet corner and pursued his movements with a telescope. It was equally in vain, and he soon wearied of his futile vigilance, left the telescope at home, and had almost given the matter up in despair, when, on the twenty-ninth day of his visit, he was suddenly confronted with the person whom he sought. The first Sunday Kirstie had managed to stay away from kirk on some pretext of indisposition, which was more truly modesty, the pleasure of beholding Archie seeming too sacred, too vivid, for that public place. It was not until the second, accordingly, that Frank had occasion to set eyes on the enchantress. With the first look, all hesitation was over. She came with the Cauldstaneslap party; then she lived at Cauldstaneslap. Here was Archie's secret; here was the woman, and more than that—though I have need of every manageable attenuation of language—with the first look he had already entered himself as rival. It was a good deal in pique, it was a little in revenge, it was much in genuine admiration; the devil may decide the proportions! I cannot, and it is very likely that Frank could not.

"Mighty attractive milkmaid," he observed, on the way home.

"Who?" said Archie.

"Oh, the girl you're looking at—aren't you? Forward there on the road. She came attended by the rustic band; presumably, therefore, belongs to his exalted family. The single objection! for the four black brothers are awkward customers. If anything were to go wrong Gib would gibber, and Clem would prove inclement, and Dand fly in danders, and Hob blow up in gobbets. It would be a Helliott of a business!"

"Very humorous, I am sure," said Archie.

"Well, I am trying to be so," said Frank. "It's none too easy in this place, and with your solemn society, my dear fellow. But confess that the milkmaid has found favor in your eyes, or resign all claim to be a man of taste."

"It is no matter," returned Archie.

But the other continued to look at him, steadily and quizzically, and his color slowly rose and deepened under the glance, until not impudence itself could have denied that he was blushing. And at this Archie lost some of his control. He changed his stick from one hand to the other, and—"Oh, for God's sake, don't be an ass!" he cried.

"Ass? That's the retort delicate, without doubt," says Frank. "Beware of the homespun brothers, dear. If they come into the dance, you'll see who's an ass. Think, now, if they only applied (say) a quarter as much talent as I have applied to the question of what Mr. Archie does with his evening hours, and why he is so unaffectedly nasty when the subject's touched on—"

"You are touching on it now," interrupted Archie, with a wince.

"Thank you. That was all I wanted; an articulate confession," said Frank.

"I beg to remind you—" began Archie.

But he was interrupted in turn. "My dear fellow, don't. It's quite needless. The subject's dead and buried."

And Frank began to talk hastily on other matters, an art in which he was an adept, for it was his gift to be fluent on anything or nothing. But although Archie had the grace, or the timidity, to suffer him to rattle on, he was by no means done with the subject. When he came home to dinner he was greeted with a sly demand how things were looking "Cauldstaneslap ways." Frank took his first glass of port out after dinner to the toast of Kirstie, and later in the evening he returned to the charge again.

"I say, Weir, you'll excuse me for returning again to this affair. I've been thinking it over, and I wish to beg you very seriously to be more careful. It's not a safe business. Not safe, my boy," said he.

"What?" said Archie.

"Well, it's your own fault if I must put a name on the thing; but, really, as a friend, I cannot stand by and see you rushing head down into these dangers. My dear boy," said he, holding up a warning cigar, "consider! What is to be the end of it?"

"The end of what?"—Archie, helpless with irritation, persisted in this dangerous and ungracious guard.

"Well, the end of the milkmaid; or, to speak more by the card, the end of Miss Christina Elliott, of the Cauldstaneslap?"

"I assure you," Archie broke out, "this is all a figment of your imagination. There is nothing to be said against that young lady; you have no right to introduce her name into the conversation."

"I'll make a note of it," said Frank. "She

shall henceforth be nameless, nameless, nameless, Grigalach! I make a note besides of your valuable testimony to her character. I only want to look at this thing as a man of the world. Admitted she's an angel—but, my good fellow, is she a lady?"

This was torture to Archie. "I beg your pardon," he said, struggling to be composed, "but because you have wormed yourself into my confidence . . ."

"Oh, come!" cried Frank. "Your confidence? It was rosy but unconsenting. Your confidence, indeed? Now, look! This is what I must say, Weir, for it concerns your safety and good character, and therefore my honor as your friend. You say I wormed myself into your confidence. Wormed is good. But what have I done? I have put two and two together; just as the parish will be doing to-morrow, and the whole of Tweeddale in two weeks, and the black brothers—well, I won't put a date on that; it will be a dark and stormy morning! Your secret, in other words, is poor Poll's. And I want to ask of you as a friend whether you like the prospect? There are two horns to your dilemma, and I must say for myself I should look mighty ruefully on either. Do you see yourself explaining to the four black brothers? or do you see yourself presenting the milkmaid to papa as the future lady of Hermiston? Do you? I tell you plainly, I don't!"

Archie rose. "I will hear no more of this," he said in a trembling voice.

But Frank again held up his cigar. "Tell me one thing first. Tell me if this is not a friend's part that I am playing?"

"I believe you think it so," replied Archie. "I can go as far as that. I can do so much justice to your motives. But I will hear no more of it. I am going to bed."

"That's right, Weir," said Frank, heartily. "Go to bed and think over it; and I say, man, don't forget your prayers! I don't often do the moral—don't go in for that sort of thing—but when I do there's one thing sure, that I mean it."

So Archie marched off to bed, and Frank sat alone by the table for another hour or so, smiling to himself richly. There was nothing vindictive in his nature; but, if revenge came in his way it might as well be good, and the thought of Archie's pillow reflections that night was indescribably sweet to him. He felt a pleasant sense of power. He looked down on Archie as on a very little boy whose strings he pulled—as on a horse whom he had backed and bridled by sheer power of intelligence, and whom he might ride to glory or the grave at pleasure. Which was it to be? He lingered long, relishing the details of schemes that he was too idle to pursue. Poor cork upon a torrent! He tasted that night the sweets of omnipotence, and brooded like a deity over the strands of that intrigue which was to shatter him before the summer waned.

(To be continued.)

#### Notable Atlanta Women.

THE day of the comic-paper new woman has departed. If she ever existed, with her big voice, her graceless stride, and her abnormal reticule, she is now bound to have her ugliness snuffed out of the world by her modern counterpart. Just a suggestion of the old suspicion concerning her lay in the editor's imagination when I proposed to send something about Atlanta's progressive women, for he conjured me to be sure and get for illustration the prettiest photographs possible. This was a matter easier than he dreamed of. Atlanta's new women have had complaints made against them by some of their New England sisters to the effect that they would wear corsets and high-heeled shoes, that they carried frivolous scent-bottles and indulged in flowered bonnets and other nefarious fashions supposed to be at war with theories and a purpose. The accused ladies laughed and made proof of the compatibility of these things with progress by giving a long list of statistics concerning their achievements, their woman's department and building at the exposition, their clubs and charities. The president of the Atlanta Woman's Club, by the way, carries a little shopping-bag for her papers that looks as foolishly guiltless of seriousness as a girl of seventeen who contemplates matrimony. The affair came from Paris, and is decorated with glittering gold spangles. Its owner, too, wears Paris frocks that rustle and shimmer.

This lady is Mrs. W. B. Lowe, one of the leading women in society, a wit and a scholar. The idea of forming the Atlanta Woman's Club as a part of the General Federation of Clubs came to her when Mrs. Henrotin, the president of that body, visited the exposition. The plans were no sooner made than the work began to grow and prosper.

Mrs. Albert Cox, a beautiful and highly intellectual woman, and one whose position as auditor and chairman on Congressional entertainment for the woman's department had already made her well known, was appointed as first



vice-president, and Mrs. James Jackson, a member of a leading Southern family and a woman of many rare gifts, was made second vice-president.

Mrs. W. A. Hemphill, another valuable and brilliant member of the exposition board, was given the chairmanship of philanthropy. And Mrs. Hugh Hagan, still another, and also a prominent officer in the Daughters of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames, was appointed treasurer.

Mrs. Henry B. Tompkins was appropriately accorded the chairmanship of the art committee, and both her beauty and her intellect made her harmonize with the office. She is a grand-niece of General Robert Toombs, one of the great orators and Southern statesmen of ante-bellum days. She inherits brain and great personal beauty from both sides of her family. During the horse show in New York, last November, she was considered one of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking Southern women who visited the dumb thoroughbreds.

The other offices of the club were all filled by leading women in the social and literary world. Mrs. Heber C. Reed, a daughter of Senator Cameron, was appointed to the chairmanship of civics. Mrs. Buck, wife of one of the leading Republican politicians in the South, is chairman on literature. Mrs. Charles Reed has the department on science. Mrs. John Otley keeps up current wants, and Mrs. Henry Smith, a very clever and handsome woman and a member of the Cuyler family of New York, is secretary for the organization.

The club was no sooner formed than its members began to look about them for a local habitation and an income that would keep the roof over their philanthropic and progressive heads. By the middle of January they were in a suite of three of the prettiest sunshiny rooms in the Grand Opera House, the most desirable location in Atlanta. These rooms are beautifully and tastefully furnished, and the club now boasts an assured income more than equal to its running expenses. With the surplus money it intends collecting a library.

The department of philanthropy includes that wonderful system of free kindergarten work which has done so much for the children of the poor in Northern cities, and it also has in view the establishment of a business woman's club and restaurant as an annex to the present organization.

This club work was part of the inspiration which led the young girls in Atlanta society toward the notion of doing something themselves for humanity. The outcome of their cogitations was the formation of a Young Ladies' Auxiliary for the children's department of the Grady Hospital, and the leaders in this good work were no less than the leaders of cotillon, orchid-pouquet, Huyler-candy society.

Miss Belle Newman, a charming girl, and one who did more than any other toward helping the entertainments for the woman's department of the exposition, was appointed president of the auxiliary. Miss Rebekah Lowe, who, with Miss Emily English and Miss Mary Goldsmith, has every right to be considered a leader in Atlanta fashion and belleship, was appointed chairman on entertainments. She was the belle of the New York ball when Troop A

visited the exposition. Miss Lowe is a bright, piquant, blonde girl, clever, musical, well-dressed, feminine, and fascinating. She quite leads with her set, being popular with women as well as men. Miss English is a high-bred, patrician beauty, wealthy and cultured. The first entertainment by this cluster of pretty girls was a great success.

The Atlanta Woman's Club and the Young Ladies' Auxiliary are the latest things in the progress, philanthropic and literary, of Atlanta women, but they by no means mark the only serious work being done here among progressive women, both in and out of clubdom. The Young Ladies' Auxiliary is practically a part of the woman's board of the Grady Hospital. Mrs. Robert Lowry is the president of this board. She is a woman of wealth and social distinction, and her husband and herself have ever taken an active part in all the leading social events of Atlanta. Yet, her social side is but one part of her manifold and beautiful nature. At least two-thirds of her time is taken up in offices of charity. She is a woman of great strength and dignity, as well as infinite goodness.

Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, another Atlanta woman of wealth and social position, has been associated from her earliest girlhood with works of charity, and the wholesome sweetness and untiring zeal of her nature have often caused the place she has made for herself in her Southern home to be compared to that which Miss Grace Dodge occupies in the charitable work of New York. Mrs. Black had charge of the hospital and day-nursery department, which was one of the most interesting and useful features of the Woman's building.

A home for friendless women and children is another institution which stands as a monument to the united efforts of Atlanta women, and the Crittenden Home, which is devoted to the rescue of young girls from evil lives, is still another great charity which was set on foot by the zeal of a woman, although a large sum was given for its erection by Mr. Crittenden.

Mrs. Robert Barrett, the wife of Dean Barrett of the Episcopal Church, devoted several years to this, as well as to many other noble charities. She is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable women of her time, extremely pretty, witty, and brilliant in conversation. She is living now in Washington, and her loss was a great one to her friends and to the progressive and charitable work of the city.

All of the young women and *débutantes* whose pictures are given elsewhere are interested in clubs, or some sort of progressive work for their sex, so that one may justly wonder, as they trip down the avenue every morning, whether their dainty bags contain chocolate creams or tracts for the tractless.

Miss Caroline Gordon is the daughter of Senator John B. Gordon, and her beauty and charming manners have made her a belle both in Washington and in Atlanta society. Miss Katie Stocking is one of the most popular girls in the South. She is extremely pretty in a clear-cut, blonde way. Her sister, Miss Alline Stocking, was recently married to Mr. Charles Sumner Clarke, one of the leading young journalists of Pittsburg. Miss Lucy Peel is a beauty and a girl of aristocratic refinement. Her mother has always been one of the leaders in

progress and philanthropy, and Miss Peel has always taken a personal part in such work. Miss Amanda Moore divides her time mainly between Atlanta and Mobile. She is a charming girl and has always been a belle. Miss Ruth Cunningham, Miss Marion May, and Miss Kingsberry are all pretty *débutantes*.

A chronicle of the beauty and cleverness of Atlanta society women would be incomplete without the mention of Mrs. McAllen Marsh, who, some months ago, changed the name of Miss Louise Bigby, by which she was so widely known, for a wedding-ring and a most desirable and cultured masculine accompaniment. She is not only brilliant in a social sense, for she took all the honors with her when, at seventeen, she was graduated at Nashville, Tennessee; she has the same reputation for wit and repartee in Georgia as did that famous bygone belle, Mattie Ould, in Virginia.

The Daughters of the Revolution have a flourishing chapter in Atlanta. At the close of the exposition the Massachusetts building was presented to them by that State, and this they have now turned into a memorial hall in which to treasure all the Revolutionary and colonial relics of the South. Mrs. William Dickson, a woman of wealth and position, is the regent for Georgia. The Society of the Colonial Dames, also, is represented in Atlanta, and Mrs. Frank Orme, a handsome and aristocratic lady is at its head.

Mrs. Joseph Thompson is not at present taking any active part in the various clubs and societies being organized here, on account of the heaviness of her recent work and the inevitable fatigue at its end, but she is ever ready, with hand, heart, and purse, to assist in all things pertaining to woman and her progress and in all matters of charity.

At the close of the exposition Mr. Potter Palmer presented her with one thousand dollars, to be used for any charitable purpose she saw fit, and she will devote it to the assistance of the charitable or educational purpose to which the Woman's building will ultimately be put.

By all of these running accounts of Atlanta women and their work it will be easily seen that the women of the new South are not a bit behind their Northern sisters in progress. There are many minor charities and philanthropic works that have not been spoken of in detail. The Atlanta woman is wearing her garments of wisdom as gracefully as Portia, and is adding to the ever-increasing proof that cleverness and progress are not incompatible with feminine grace and modesty. Indeed, one of the greatest signs of the present attitude of the progressive woman is to be found in this quick enthusiasm in regard to new ideas on the part of Southern women, who represent a class that has heretofore been conventional and most fearful of appearing out of its sphere.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

## The New Library of Columbia University.

THE second of May marked an epoch in the history of Columbia College, or university, as it is now entitled to style itself. Preparatory to the occupancy, a year hence, of its new and

magnificent home on Morningside Heights, three of its splendid halls were formally dedicated amid appropriate and impressive exercises. In the morning the trustees and faculties assembled in the south hall, and the alumni in the west hall, and proceeded thence with the president to the new Building of Physical Science, where the dedication service was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Vincent. The corner-stone was laid by the professor of physics, Dr. Rood, after an impressive address by the dean of the university, Professor Van Amringe. Later, Schermerhorn Hall was dedicated by the Rev. Dr. Dix, the corner-stone being laid by the donor of the building, W. C. Schermerhorn, M.A. In the afternoon President Low made an address to undergraduates and others in the great south court. Lafayette Post, Grand Army of the Republic, escorted by the Seventy-first Regiment of Infantry (National Guard), next presented the national colors to the university, and a full chorus sang "The Star-

spangled Banner." A dedication ode written in Latin by Professor Harry Thurston Peck was also sung by the whole body of undergraduates. Other exercises of an appropriate character closed the programme.

The chief interest of the day centred around the magnificent new structure intended for the university library, the gift of President Low, and which, when completed, will cost one million dollars. It will have capacity for one million five hundred thousand books, being second in size to the Congressional Library at Washington, and would contain two collections of books the size of the celebrated Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is constructed of Indiana limestone, and the style is severely classic. Until all the space is needed for books the library building will accommodate the schools of law, political science, and philosophy.

## People Talked About.

—CANADA'S pet poet, Bliss Carman, is known in many parts of the dominion where his poetry is not read, as a famous sportsman. This is especially true of Nova Scotia, where he frequently hunts and fishes. He is thoroughly at home in the woods, love of which inspired some of his best verse. He is probably the tallest poet of the time, a trifle above six feet in stature, and rugged and sinewy. His hair is red.

—General Longstreet's recent visit to Boston was the first he has ever made to the Hub, and he complimented everything he saw with true Southern courtesy. "What would not you thrifty Yankees do with fertile Georgia," he said, "if you had it in place of rocky Massachusetts?" He impressed the Bostonians as being still a very active and well-preserved man, despite his age, the bullet wound in his throat, and his deafness. His face is still rosy and his eyes bright.

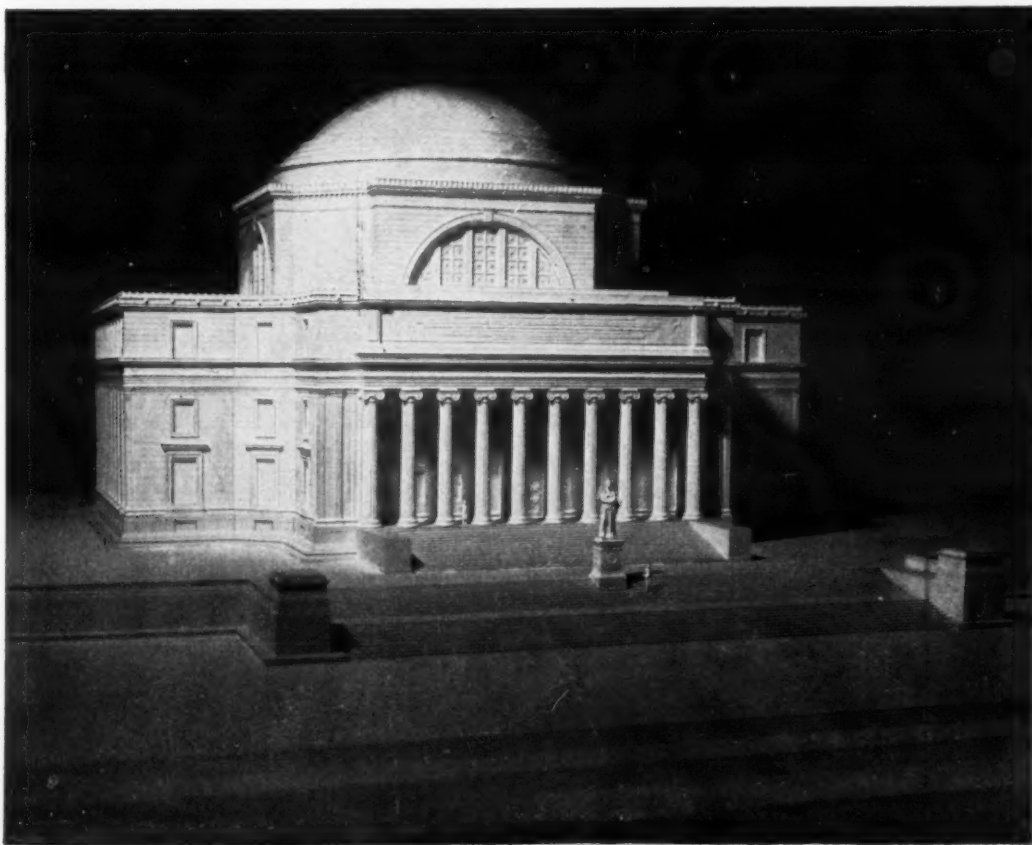
—While the Reverend Robert Collyer was in Chicago recently for a brief visit, he told a reporter that for the first ten years of his ministry he received only seven and one-half dollars in money. He also said that the old anvil on which he earned his living in the days of his youth is now in Unity Church in Chicago. He has been a preacher for forty-eight years, and pastor of the Church of the Messiah for seventeen. Dr. Savage, who comes from Boston to be his co-pastor, will begin his services in the fall.

—Richard Harding Davis has confessed to an interviewer that he likes the books of travel he has written better than the work on which most of his fame rests. He is rather a painstaking writer, and only one of his stories was written at a stretch. That was dashed off on a Syracuse hotel piazza while he was on an assignment to report a hanging. He thinks it more profitable to write about the Bowery than about Siberia; or, as he once put it to a *Harper's* contributor, "Remember that a live Congressman is better than a dead king."

—The changed fortunes of ex-Senator Thomas L. Clingman, who has been obliged to seek refuge in a North Carolina home for Confederate soldiers, have evoked much pitying comment. He is eighty-three years old and almost destitute; a sad metamorphosis for a man who was the associate of the great orators in the Senate just before the war. Until recently he was a familiar figure in Washington, conspicuous wherever he went for his tall, straight figure and white hair. He served in the Senate from 1858 to 1861, and resigned the term to which he was re-elected to become a Confederate brigadier-general.

—Passengers on the *Teutonic* on a recent trip across the ocean had an excellent opportunity to observe the state in which a millionaire newspaper editor travels when he goes abroad. In Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's retinue, apart from his numerous servants, were several accomplished young men, two of them titled Englishmen, the others men of mark in journalism, who accompanied him as traveling companions or secretaries. The celebrated editor is believed to have an annual income of more than one million dollars from his newspaper properties, and he has more homes than a prince in New York, Bar Harbor, Jekyll Island, Paris, and on the Riviera. His recent visit to the United States was the longest he has made in years.

—General Fitzhugh Lee will proceed promptly to his post at Havana, having summarily wound up his official affairs at Lynchburg, Virginia, where he was in charge of the Internal Revenue Department. His friends have urged him not to go to Cuba until the unsalubrious rainy season is over; but "Fitz" is not the man to shirk a duty, once assumed. Mrs. Lee, née Bernard, is a most charming lady, of the bluest Virginia blood, and is as popular in her way as the general in his. She will sail for Cuba in the fall, with her two daughters. The advent of the Lees in the Spanish-American capital will be a brilliant social acquisition. They have a son at West Point, where the Lee family has been represented by one or more members almost continuously since Robert E. Lee was graduated there in 1828.



THE NEW LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MISS KINGSBERRY.



MISS RUTH CUNNINGHAM.



MISS MARY GOLDSMITH



MISS AMANDA MOORE.



MRS. ROBERT LOWRY.



MISS LUCY PEEL.

MISS REBIE LOWE.



MISS CAROLINE GORDON.



MRS. MCALLEN B. MARSH.



MISS EMILY ENGLISH.



MRS. HENRY B. TOMPKINS.



MRS. W. B. LOWE.



MISS MARION MAY.



MISS BELLE NEWMAN.



MRS. ALBERT COX.



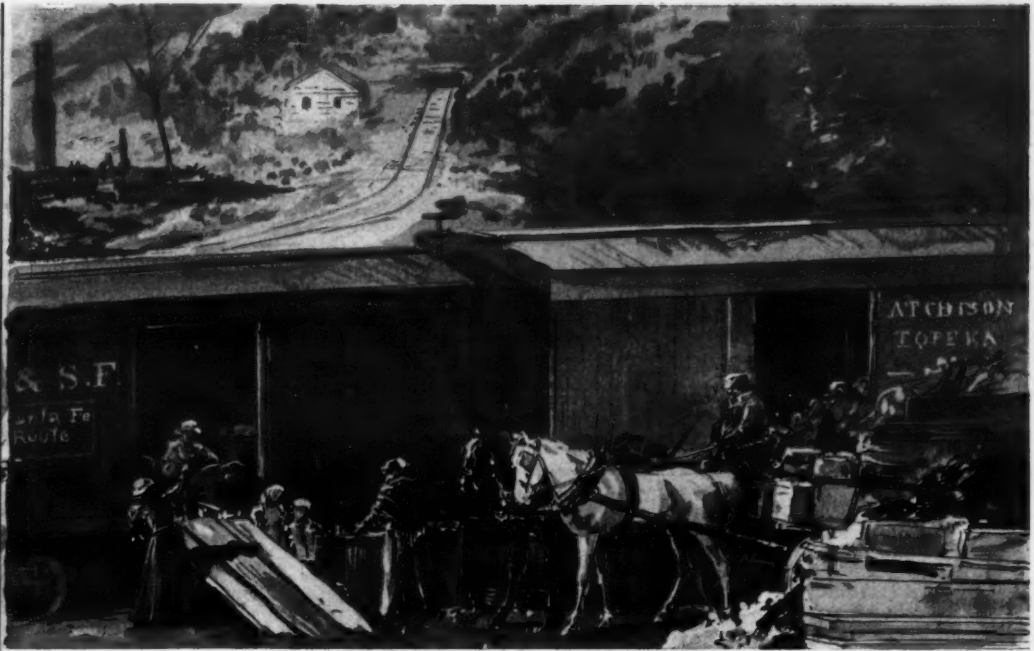
MISS KATIE STOCKING.

NOTABLE WOMEN OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, WHO ARE PROMINENT BOTH IN THE SOCIAL LIFE AND PHILANTHROPIC WORK OF THE CITY.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE ARTICLE BY MAUDE ANDREWS ON PAGE 328.)





THE FIRE DISTRICT, LOOKING NORTH FROM CAPITOL STREET.  
 Photograph by D. P. Morgan.



TEMPORARY HOMES IN FREIGHT CARS.



ASSISTANCE FROM NEIGHBORING TOWNS.



DEPOSITING HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS IN A PLACE OF SAFETY.  
 Photograph by D. P. Morgan.



THE PALACE HOTEL BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE IN ORDER TO CHECK THE FLAMES.

CRIPPLE CREEK, THE FAMOUS MINING TOWN OF COLORADO, ALMOST OBLITERATED BY TWO DISASTROUS FIRES.  
 FROM DRAWINGS BY F. H. SCHELL AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. P. MORGAN.—[SEE PAGE 332.]



## The Transvaal Invasion.

THE imposition of the death sentence upon the five leaders of the reform committee in Johannesburg, who had pleaded guilty to the charge of treason against the government of the Transvaal, occasioned great excitement in England, and awakened some degree of anxiety in this country also, owing to the fact that Mr. J. H. Hammond, one of the sentenced persons, is an American. The excitement, however, was speedily allayed by the announcement that the sentences had been commuted—as one report says—to imprisonment and exile. Mr. Hammond is a mining engineer and a man of large wealth, which has been acquired in connection with the gold enterprises of the South Africa Company, with which Cecil Rhodes has been so closely identified. He has influential connections in this country, and his case was made a subject of special discussion in Congress, many members of which united in an appeal for clemency addressed to the Boer government.

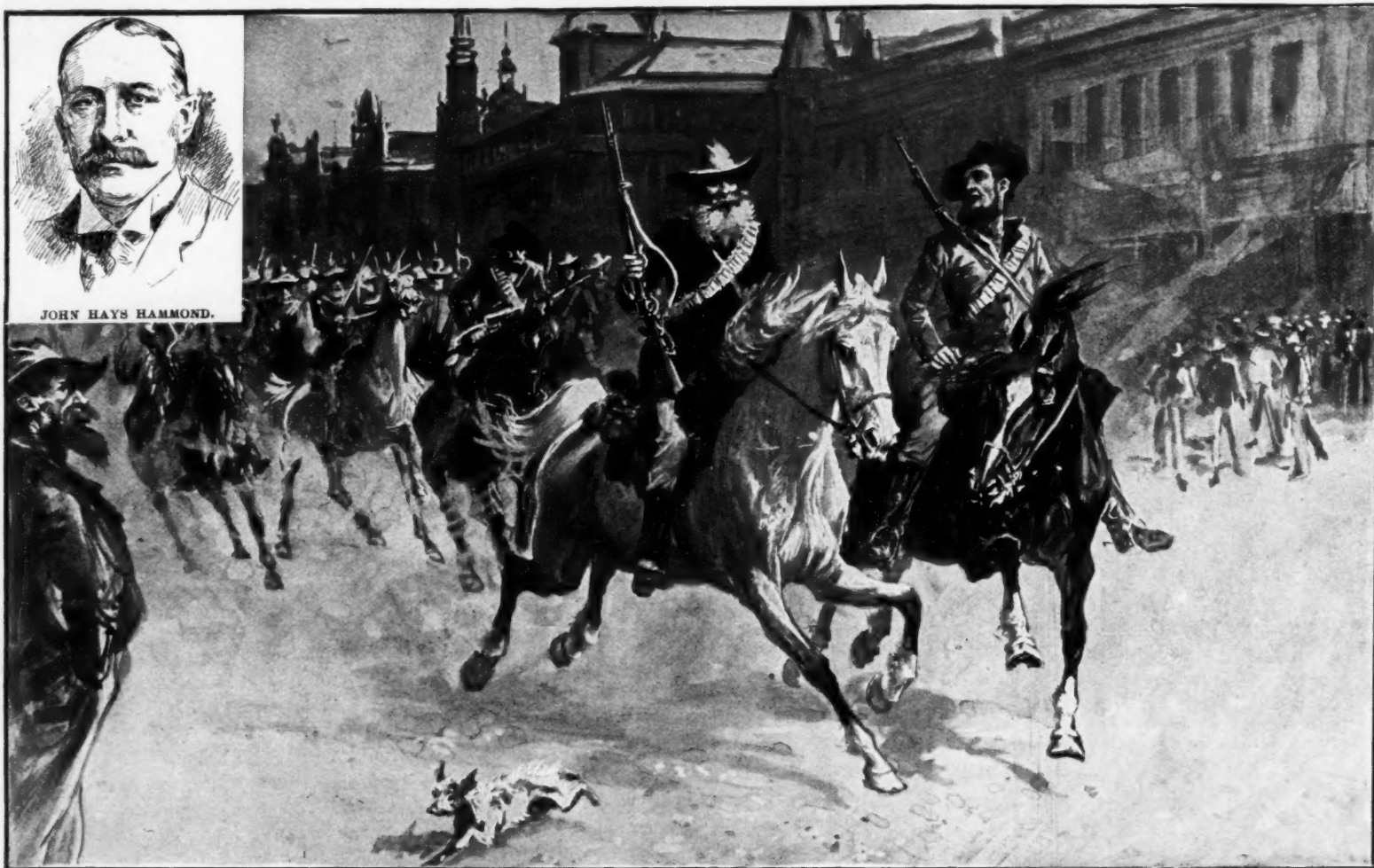
While the sentence imposed upon Hammond and his associates seems unduly severe, it is well to remember that it could not be avoided. The presiding judge had no alternative. All the accused had pleaded guilty to indictments charging them with the crime of treason, and that carries with it everywhere the penalty of death. The demand of the law having been met, it rested with President Krueger to interpose the executive authority on the side of mercy, and this he did with a promptness which is deserving of all praise, especially as there was a strong feeling among the Boers in favor of the enforcement of the death sentence.

What will come out of the existing complications in the Transvaal, which recent events have tended to render more acute, cannot as yet be determined, but it is obvious that so far the government has had the advantage in its controversy with England. The Jameson raid was out-and-out freebootery; the evidence is conclusive that it was the outcome of a carefully pre-arranged plan on the part of persons connected with the South Africa Company; and it was natural that the sympathy

with it manifested generally by Englishmen should have deepened the antagonism of the Boers and accentuated their purpose to maintain their independence at whatever cost. Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy did not in the least appease this feeling, and President Krueger has from first to last asserted with dignified decision the rights of the republic, refusing to be caught in the snares set for him. It is altogether improbable, however, that the English "jingoes" will acquiesce in the situation as it now exists; they will persist in their demand for active intervention in behalf of the Englishmen who are clamoring for "reform" of Transvaal methods, and sooner or later collisions will be unavoidable. Already the English forces in South Africa are being strengthened, while on the other hand the Boers are strengthening their defenses and bringing in surreptitiously both men and arms from Germany. The outcome finally, no doubt, will be the absorption of the republic by British greed and aggression, but that result, while apparently inevitable, will none the less outrage the universal sense of justice and fair play.



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.



RETURN OF THE VICTORIOUS BOERS TO JOHANNESBURG AFTER THE DEFEAT AND CAPTURE OF THE JAMESON RAIDERS.

## Towing Great Rafts at Sea.

SOME years ago Captain H. R. Robertson, of Montreal, initiated a method of floating great rafts through the open sea which attracted great attention and achieved notable success. Under his personal direction a vast raft was built in the St. Lawrence River, in the form of a colossal cigar, and, being lashed together with massive chains, was taken in tow by a powerful tug and brought safely into New York harbor. Later on, several other large rafts were built under the direction of Captain Robertson, and towed around by the open sea into Atlantic seaports. He demonstrated the fact that immense rafts could be so strongly built as to successfully resist the force of the sea.

Subsequently Captain Robertson visited the Pacific coast for the purpose of making a like experiment on that side of the continent. A vast amount of lumber is used every year in San Francisco for building and other purposes. A very great number of piles are also used by the railroad companies of California in the construction of bridges, trestles, etc. Most of the timber to supply this great demand has, for years, been shipped from Oregon and Washington by sailing-vessels, at a heavy cost to the purchasers.

Soon after reaching the Pacific coast Captain Robertson associated himself with E. W. Baines and set about the execution of his plans. The first large raft was built at Coos Bay, Oregon. It was towed to sea successfully, but, encountering stormy weather, the tug was forced to abandon the raft, which was soon broken to pieces.

The next attempt was made at Stella, Washington, on the Columbia River, but, like the first, met with disastrous failure. The raft, with a board measurement of 450,000 feet, was towed to sea by the powerful tug *Monarch*, which came expressly from San Francisco for that purpose. She succeeded in getting some distance down the coast, but encountered strong head winds and heavy seas. She could

make no progress with the raft, and as the storm increased, the tug and raft began to drift northward, and, while some distance off the mouth of the Columbia River, the latter went to pieces. Nothing whatever was saved. Even the great, massive chains with which the raft was bound together went to the bottom of the sea. The chains alone weighed sixty tons and cost a large sum of money.

Not in the least discouraged by their heavy losses, Captain Robertson and Mr. Baines soon began building another raft—larger than either of the preceding ones. This was over six hundred feet long, and contained over five hundred thousand feet of piles. It was built strongly and securely. Profiting by past experience, the contractors availed themselves of two advantages: they chose a time of the year when the sea was the calmest, and also secured the services of a very powerful tug. The giant tug *Mineola*, of San Francisco, was secured. The third effort proved successful, for the colossal tow reached San Francisco intact, and the owners of the raft realized a handsome profit on the big contract.

A few weeks ago the contractors entered into negotiations to land another vast raft of piles at San Francisco, and work has been already commenced. This raft will be the largest one ever constructed in the United States. It will be built at Stella, Washington, and will be nearly seven hundred feet long, containing over eight hundred thousand feet of piling. It is confidently expected that this immense raft will reach its destination in safety. The construction of these great rafts promises to practically revolutionize the shipment of timber, piles, etc., on the Pacific coast. It is claimed that piles can be shipped from Oregon and Washington to San Francisco from thirty-five to forty per cent. cheaper by raft than on board sailing-vessels. The colossal raft now under construction will contain as much timber as half a dozen sailing-vessels could carry down the coast in a year, or more.

These rafts are built in an immense "cradle," which is made of very strong timbers. By means of this "cradle" the raft is shaped in the form of a vast cigar and securely lashed together. After the raft is built and "keyed" together the cradle is floated out from under and the mass of timber is left to take care of itself. One massive chain extends from one end of the raft to the other, and to this cross chains are attached at short intervals, which extend clear through the body of the raft. Each end of the raft is fastened by means of powerful chains in the shape of a herring-bone. The chains are tightened around the mass of timbers by means of machinery driven by steam. Considering the fact that the distance from the mouth of the Columbia River to San Francisco is more than seven hundred miles, some conception of the great difficulties of the undertaking of towing such a structure may be readily formed.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

## The Cripple Creek Disasters.

THE mining town of Cripple Creek, in Colorado, which during the last four years has been the centre of an almost unparalleled gold excitement, and which had grown in that period from a rough mining-camp into a bustling, well-built city of perhaps twenty thousand population, has recently been swept by two conflagrations which reduced to ashes much of its business portion, rendered one thousand persons homeless, and entailed a money loss of two million dollars. The first calamity was the result of incendiarism, and there is some reason to believe that a large band of criminals were concerned in the scheme, by which they hoped to plunder the city. Their depredations, however, were prevented by the prompt organization of a guard of one hundred and fifty men, who patrolled the burned district and established pickets on all the roads leading to the gold camp.

The second fire, which occurred four days after the first, is also believed to have been of incendiary origin, and fifty objectionable and suspicious characters were promptly marched out of town by the vigilance committee appointed for the preservation of order. Several persons were killed and a number injured during the two fires. Relief for the sufferers by the calamitous visitation was immediately sent from Denver and other near-by towns. The work of rebuilding was commenced within forty-eight hours after the second fire.

## An Evidence of Western Growth.

SOME seven years ago the city of Minneapolis, in conjunction with the county of Hennepin, in which it is located, began the erection of a public building for city and county uses. The building is now practically completed as to exterior, and the half devoted to the interests of the county has lately been occupied for the first time. The completion of the portion to be devoted to the city will be delayed two or three years.

The building is one of large size. Its architecture is the Romanesque. The site was purchased at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the building will have cost, when completed, three million one hundred thousand dollars. About two and one-half million dollars have already been expended. The building is three hundred feet square, one hundred feet in height on all sides to the cornice line. The tower, which rises above the main entrance, is three hundred and fifty-two feet from ground to finial. In the tower, at a height of two hundred and fifty feet from the ground, is placed the largest four-dial clock in the world. There are one or two single-dial clocks in Europe a little larger, but the hitherto largest four-dial tower-clock—that of Westminster's, London—is still some two or three inches smaller. The dial



diameter of the Minneapolis clock is twenty-two feet and four inches. The chime of bells in the tower is one of the largest in the country, the total weight being twenty-seven thousand pounds, the largest bell weighing seven thousand pounds. Elevators in the tower will run to a point over three hundred feet above the street.

The material used in the construction of the building, red Ortonville granite, was quarried in the State. It is believed that the color and texture of the granite will withstand the smirching of Western smoke. The jail in the building is located on the topmost floor, and is modern in all respects. It is reached by large and swift elevators. Long & Kees, Minneapolis, were the architects of the building.

The growth of this far Northwestern city, calling for the erection of a building so massive and extensive, has practically been made in a quarter of a century—such a growth as gives evidence not only of immense national, but of magnificent sectional, progress in America.

W. S. HARWOOD.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Harvard's Unfortunate Condition.

HARVARD, as usual, promises to turn out a strong intercollegiate track and field team. Also, as has been her custom for the past few years, she will fail to put a great nine in the field or a fast crew upon the water. In this latter respect, if the opinion of one who saw the eight rowing the other day and who has had much experience in crew matters can be held of value, why, matters are in a highly chaotic state. As my informant expressed it, "they (the crew) rolled all over the boat, and no two men seemed to have any definite idea of what was expected of them."

But when we stop to consider for the moment the undeniable fact that Harvard coaches have not agreed or worked as a unit upon well-defined lines, as going to make up a system, for a number of years, this statement easily gains credence. A settled policy, then, has ever been wanting, and without this success is impossible.

There is no greater, no truer reason in the world for Yale's repeated triumphs in crew-rowing—or, in fact, in any of her other athletic branches—than the frictionless manner in which her graduate coaches work, directing as faithfully their teachings along certain lines as they obey implicitly the steady influence and ripper judgment and final decision of their superiors or head coaches, as Bob Cook in rowing and Walter Camp in foot-ball.

Now, if rumor has it correctly, Coach Watson had no sooner left for England, professedly to get "points" from a study of English university rowing as exemplified in the practice work, and later the race between Oxford and Cambridge, than those who were left in charge of the Harvard crew began to throw aside Watson ideas for some of their own.

Only recently Mr. Watson returned, and it was said that he had succeeded in gathering no end of "good things" which would be of service to Harvard. Yet to-day Mr. Watson remains in the background, and rumor has it that he has been turned down and out from the exalted berth of head coach.

If Mr. Watson has put to the test any of the ideas gathered in his trip abroad, then he has done so in a highly secret manner, and the crew have proved apt pupils in keeping what they know up their sleeves. But according to trustworthy information there is a hitch somewhere, and Mr. Watson is not experimenting with his English ideas.

It hardly seems possible, however, that Mr. Watson should, after going to so much trouble, take a back seat without a fight. We will assume that Bob Cook, for instance, did just as Mr. Watson did; then on his return to New Haven was ignored by the younger and "know-all" element. Would he say, submissively, "All right, gentlemen; go ahead. I wash my hands of the whole affair"? Well, I guess not.

On the contrary, he would make quick work of the situation in a few pointed remarks, to wit: "I have made a careful study of the methods of the best oars in England to-day. From this study I have made deductions, and

these lead me to the conclusion, which I believe incontrovertible, that you are doing this in the wrong way, and that you are not applying your power rightly; you need to be rigged differently, etc., etc. Believing these things implicitly, knowing that I am right, I mean to prove that I am right. You go your way and bring up the crew according to your ideas. I will take hold of the freshman crew and I will inculcate into them the system I have formulated, and then I will lick you out of your boots."

What, now, would be the result of Mr. Watson's taking this stand? Why, the Harvard varsity would gain immeasurably. They would gain should his ideas prove worthless, while they would still gain, and rowing affairs of the college would be placed on a firm basis as never before, should he succeed in proving that he had hit the correct and winning system.

In track athletics Harvard always does more than passing well, and this is so simply because this branch of sport does not attract a lot of graduates who, by their squabbles and differences of opinion, tend to unsettle the minds of their pupils and affect disastrously their work.

It is the conviction of many men who follow the ups and the downs of college sport that Harvard has not been fortunate in settling upon Mr. Watson, who, in their opinion, lacks the aptitude to evolve a sound method, and is wanting in that faculty which picks up good and up-to-date ideas and makes practical use of them. If Mr. Watson is thus deficient it is well that he be made to take a back seat, and it would likewise be well for him to try his hand on a class crew and then, by a number of races, demonstrate his inability to coach.

And until either Mr. Watson realizes finally the hopes of those who gave him the sole direction of rowing matters, or, failing, is succeeded by one who not only knows his business but can keep his lieutenants in line, Harvard rowing will continue to grovel in the dust of defeat.

When Mr. Watson left for England George S. Mumford was put in charge of the crew.

Recently Mr. Mumford had this to say concerning the crew: "The crew has been steadily improving since it has been on the water. As to the stroke, I am trying to bring every part of the body into play without emphasizing any. The leg drive is perhaps a little more in evidence than last year, but this is because it was undoubtedly then neglected. Our material is not as good as could be expected from the college. Sickness and private reasons have kept men away, notably S. Tillman, and Jennings, who has been ill."

The important part of this utterance is the reference to Mr. Watson's work last year, wherein leg-work was undoubtedly neglected. This would seem to indicate which way the wind is blowing, unfavorable, of course, to Mr. Watson's interests.

#### FIVE-MILE RELAY RACE.

The recent Yale-Pennsylvania five-mile relay race, decided upon Franklin Field, proved a most interesting affair. For Yale, Buckingham, Turnbull, Sage, Lewis, and Hinckley ran; and for Pennsylvania, Jarvis, Overn, Mechling, Shengle, and Orton. The time, 24:5 4-5, stands as a record.

Buckingham, a novice, and Jarvis, who used to run second to none in the intercollegiate as a Wesleyan man, started the ball, and though Jarvis could only do 4:53 1-5, he won by five yards.

Overn and Turnbull then came together, and the former won by ten yards.

Sage and Mechling ran a fine race and touched their reliefs together.

This set Lewis and Shengle off together, and the former, who is a freshman from Andover, ran a clever race, winning Yale's only mile and putting forty yards to her credit. Thus Hinckley, for Yale, had a fine start on Orton, the Quakers' star miler. The Yale man, however, was unequal to the occasion, and finally had to suffer the humiliation of being beaten by fifty yards.

#### MAKE-UP OF THE HARVARD CREW.

The present order of the crew is: Goodrich, stroke; Bullard (captain), 7; Sprague, 6; Moulton, 5; Townsend, 4; Perkins, 3; Hollister, 2; Marvin, bow.

#### THE COLUMBIA CREW.

The men who will row for Columbia this year have been in continuous training since the first week in January. On April 20th the crew moved over to the new and handsome quarters, the gift of George Gould, on the Hudson.

The following order of the men will, with possibly two exceptions, prevail on race-day: H. E. Pierrepont, stroke; O. Longacre, 7; G. H. Carter, 6; W. C. Hubdy, 5; J. H. Prentice (captain), 4; A. R. Combell, 3; M. MacDonald, 2; R. W. Pressprich, bow.

With the exception of Combell and MacDonald, all the men were in last year's winning boat.

Mr. A. W. Putnam, Jr., is coaching regularly,

and Mr. Peet, Columbia's "Bob Cook," twice a week.

*W. T. Bull.*

## FOUR PLAYERS



LILLIAN RUSSELL.  
Copyright by Morrison.

### Lillian Russell.

MORE than half a dozen years ago—why be particular about dates with one who makes us forget time?—the metropolitan public began to evince a decided partiality for Miss Lillian Russell. Their awakened interest in her was both personal and artistic. A New York girl, exquisitely pretty, possessing a voice and talent of illimitable promise in one so young, she was at the same time, evidently, responsive and susceptible of being spoiled. She had been "with Rice"—originally in the chorus, some say—and had floated, in an airy, fairy way, through Tony Pastor's. Then, who does not remember her at the popular Sunday-night concerts, where she used to sing so fetchingly "The Silver Line," composed by the late Edward Solomon?

Two or three of the most interesting of the portraits reproduced on page 326 belong to this period. These pictures need no comment. They simply go to substantiate the claim that if there was a single defect in Miss Russell's beauty of face and figure then the flaw must be attributed to artificiality, not to nature.

Miss Russell's first great opportunity came when she was engaged to sing the title rôle in "Patience," that most melodious pastorate of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, when they were at the height of their vogue. The opera has never been better sung, if as well; and to the eye her impersonation of the rosy milkmaid was ideally fair. In short, the picture of Lillian Russell's *Patience*, like that of Calvé's *Carmen*, is the universally accepted standard. Then, as subsequently, not so much was said about her acting, and what was said was distinctly not in praise. This did not matter so very much, however. Let a singer be gifted in voice and looks and she is at once elected prima-donna by a two-thirds vote. When she can also act it becomes unanimous. Moreover, true grace in acting comes of art, not chance. It can be acquired or developed—unlike a classic face, or violet eyes and a pure blonde complexion, or a singing voice and a musical ear. Of course no amount of art or experience can make a Bernhardt or a Duse; but they can and have made, histrionically speaking, a Mrs. Langtry and a Lillian Russell. In the case of the latter, the process was triumphantly successful. We all know, here in New York, that the golden age of the Casino was during her reign. At the same time she developed such original traits of character and conduct, so full of surprises for the public and sensations for the newspapers, that none could henceforth dispute her being a star of premier magnitude. But, like a true diva, she was as winsome as she was willful. Happenings that to another might have been disasters, to Miss Russell brought her public in crowds. And so it is to-day. The other evening, at the Columbia Theatre in Brooklyn, when after struggling against hoarseness through the first act of "La Perichole" she had to give up and dismiss one of the best audiences of the season, there were murmurs only of sympathy and admiration for her "game"-ness and her evident distress.

Miss Russell is in every sense of the word at home in New York, and has a cozy little bijou of a house on an up-town West-side street, just off Riverside Drive, and overlooking the Hudson. When the theatre and the bicycle leave her an hour of leisure she can entertain there delightfully, and does so with the zest that belongs to a pleasure not frequently enough tasted. She has much to talk about, these days, and it is all interesting. With the termination

of the present season's engagement, with Messrs. Abbey and Grau, Miss Russell signs a contract with a new management for an extended term, beginning next fall. This arrangement calls for a tour taking in fresh fields and pastures new, perhaps Mexico, and will culminate in the *rentrée* of the prima-donna, in the early part of next year, upon the scene of her earlier triumphs—the New York Casino.

"And I shall come with my new opera, 'Peg Woffington'!" she exclaims, enthusiastically. "That, if you please, is genuine, high-class *opéra comique*, in the French acceptance of the term. It will give me, as *Pep*, the opportunity of my life, in acting as well as singing—and there is dancing in it, too. The story is that of Charles Reade's celebrated novel, and follows pretty closely the lines of Tom Taylor's equally well-known dramatic version, called 'Masks and Faces.' The libretto is by the late Mr. Saville Clarke, of London."

"And the music?"

"By Sir Arthur Sullivan—his latest—in fact, he hasn't it completed yet, and probably will not before the first of January. Sir Arthur took a great fancy to the libretto of 'Peg Woffington,' and purchased it from the author's widow, Mrs. Clarke. He thought of me for the title rôle, and has sold the book to me, with the exclusive rights for all countries. It will be my *pièce de résistance* for next season."

"Besides 'Peg,'" continues Miss Russell, "I have another new opera—'Cleopatra.' Yes, I think of trying the *Serpent of Old Nile*—the fascinating, brilliant, gay side of her, not the tragic. It will be something like Rider Haggard's conception of her, only brightened, or lightened, or perhaps you might say made frivolous. Anyway, it is full of wit and sentiment and fun."

The book of this opera is the joint work of a German writer and Mr. James Clarence Harvey, of New York—with hints and interferences by Lillian Russell. The music? Just wait! No, it is not imported, but a New York product."

Unfortunately, at this point in the conversation, some allusion to the bicycle was accidentally let fall.

"Ah!" cries the fair singer, with sudden animation, "cycling is the grandest sport in the world. I adore it. I never travel without my wheel. Pooh! the danger is nothing, once you become an expert. Of course you have to know how to dismount, or fall off easily, and roll out of the way quickly. For instance, when I went out for a spin in New Orleans, where the streets are full of mules—"

But, no! When Miss Russell starts talking bicycle the interview on comic opera, or any other subject, ends.

HENRY TYRRELL.



AS THE "PRINCESS NICOTINE."  
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**ROYAL**  
  
**BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.





THE NEW CITY HALL, MINNEAPOLIS.—Drawn from a photograph by F. H. Schell.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE CITY HALL.

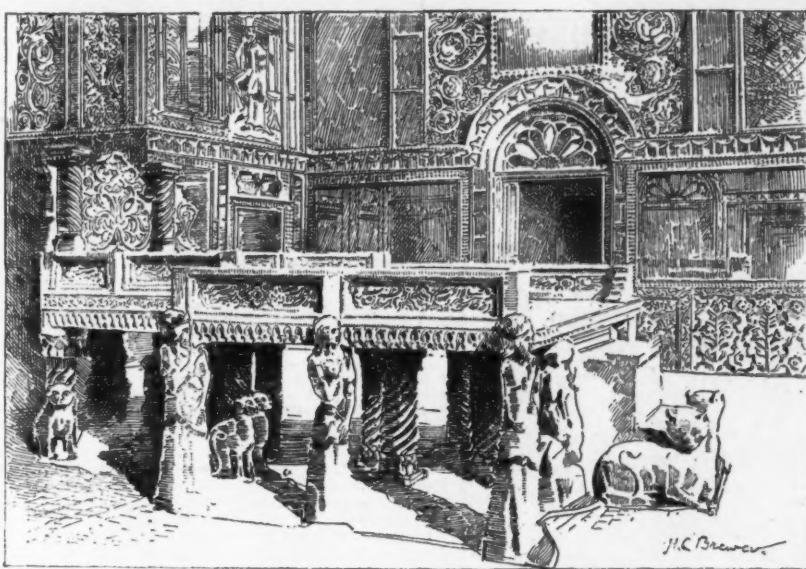
# ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS IN THE NORTHWEST.

[SEE PAGE 383.]

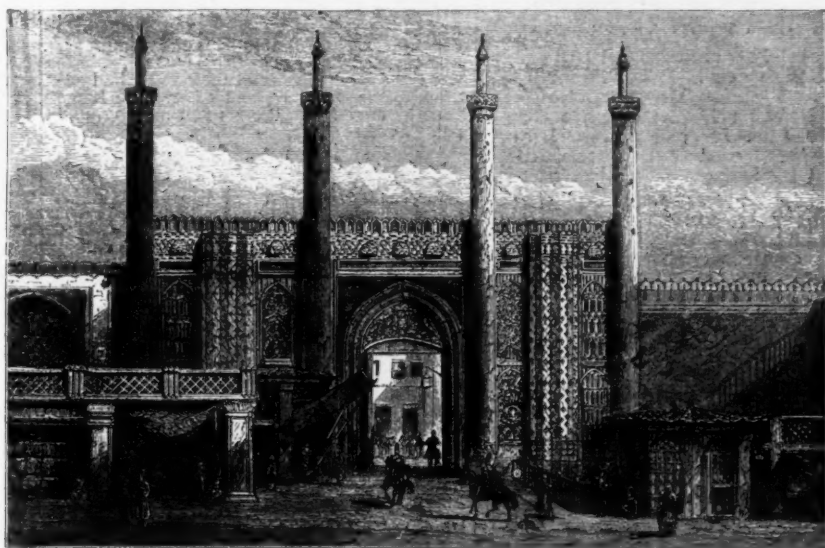




NASER-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA, ASSASSINATED MAY 1ST.



MARBLE THRONE IN THE SHAH'S PALACE, TEHERAN.



ONE OF THE CITY GATES, TEHERAN.



MUZAFFER-ED-DIN, THE NEW SHAH.



FEMALE TYPES—CHALDEAN MATRONS.



A PATROL IN TEHERAN.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WHILE ABOUT TO ENTER THE INNER SANCTUARY OF A SHRINE NEAR TEHERAN, BY A REVOLUTIONARY FANATIC DISGUISED AS A WOMAN.



## A NEW Botanical Discovery

Which Will Prove a Blessing To Humanity.

### THE WONDERFUL KAVA-KAVA SHRUB.



The Kava-Kava Shrub [*Piper Methysticum*].

Of Special Interest to all Sufferers from Kidney or Bladder Disorders, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Pain in Back, Female Complaints and Irregularities, Blood Impurities, and other maladies caused by improper action of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

#### A FREE GIFT OF GREAT VALUE TO YOU.

A short time ago our readers were made aware of a valuable new botanical discovery, that of the Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *piper methysticum*, found on the banks of the Ganges river in East India. From a medical standpoint this is perhaps the most important discovery of the century. The use of the Kava-Kava Shrub, like other valuable medicinal substances, opium and quinine, was first observed by Christian missionaries among the natives as a sovereign remedy for Kidney diseases. Speaking of the use of the Kava-Kava Shrub by the natives of India, Dr. Archibald Hodgson, the great authority on these diseases says:

"Intense heat and moisture of this tropical climate acting upon the decaying vegetation renders these low grounds on the Ganges the most unhealthy districts found anywhere. Jungle fevers and miasma assail the system, and even the most robust constitutions yield to the deadly climatic influences. The blood becomes deranged and the Urine is thick and dark colored and loaded with the products of disease, which the Kidneys are vainly endeavoring to excrete from the system. Under these conditions the other organs become affected, and life hangs in the balance. Then when all the remedies of modern medical science fail, the only hope and harbor of safety are found in the prompt use of Kava-Kava shrub. A decoction of this wonderful botanical growth relieves the Kidneys and enables them to carry off the diseased products from the Blood. The Urine becomes clearer, the fever abates and the intense suffering and nausea are alleviated. Recovery sets in and the patient slowly returns to health."

Of all the diseases that afflict mankind, Diseases of the Kidneys are the most fatal and dangerous, and this being the case, it is but natural that the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub—Nature's Positive Specific Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys—is welcomed as a gift to suffering humanity.

Alkavis, which is the medical compound of the Kava-Kava shrub, is endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a Sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Rheumatism, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, and all diseases caused by impurities of the Blood, due to defective action of the Kidneys.

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., Editor of the "Religious World," writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis:

"For several years I was a sufferer from Kidney troubles, and could obtain no relief from physicians. I used various Kidney remedies but with no success. I had given up all hopes of ever recovering my health, until hearing of the marvelous cures effected by our Alkavis, decided to try same. After using the first bottle I began to experience relief, and following up the treatment was permanently cured. I cheerfully recommend your excellent Alkavis to persons afflicted with Kidney and Rheumatic disorders as the best remedy known."

Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis, and was promptly cured of Kidney disease, and restored to health. Mrs. Alice Evans, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary A. Layman, of Neel, West Va., twenty years a sufferer; Mrs. Sarah Vunk, Edinboro, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. Copeland, Elk River, Minn.; and many other ladies join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis, in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and of other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood. In such cases of disorders peculiar to women we do not care to publish testimonials at large, but ladies interested therein can obtain full information from a descriptive book which is furnished free by the Importers of Alkavis. The good results of using this new botanical discovery in such cases are indeed most remarkable.

Dr. A. R. Knapp, a well-known surgeon and physician of Leoti, Kansas, voices the opinion of the doctors and writes:

"The case I ordered Alkavis for has improved wonderfully. I believe you have in Alkavis a complete specific for all Kidney troubles."

Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured by Alkavis of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble of ten years' standing. He writes:

"I have been treated by all our home physicians without the least benefit. My bladder trouble became so troublesome that I had to get up from five to twelve times during the night to urinate."

In fact, I was in misery the whole time and was becoming very despondent. I have now used Alkavis and am better than I have been for five years. I know Alkavis will cure bladder and

kidney trouble. \* \* \* It is a wonderful and grand, good remedy."

And even more wonderful is the testimony of Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel in thirty years service, stricken down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. He says:

"I was suddenly stricken down on the 23rd of June with an acute attack of kidney trouble (uric acid gravel). For two months I lay hovering on the border line of life, and with the constant care of two excellent physicians. I only received temporary relief. My family physician told me plainly the best I could hope for was temporary respite. I might rally only to collapse suddenly or might linger some time. But the issue was made up and as I had for years warned others to be ready, so now more than ever I must needs put my house in order and expect the end. Meantime I had heard of Alkavis and wrote to an army comrade (now principal of a college), who had tried it. He wrote me by all means to try it as it had made a new man of him. At the end of two months and then only able to sit up a little, I dismissed my physicians and began the use of Alkavis. In two weeks I could ride out in the carriage for a short time. The improvement has been \* \* \* constant and steady. I am now able to look after my business. I feel I owe what life and strength I have to Alkavis. \* \* \* I am fifty-five years old, have been a minister over thirty years, have thousands of acquaintances, and to every one of them who may be afflicted with any kind of kidney trouble, I would say, try Alkavis."

Another most remarkable case is Rev. Thomas Smith, of Cobden, Illinois, who passed nearly one hundred gravel stones under two weeks' use of this great remedy, Alkavis.

Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York City, so far are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that they will send a Large Case by mail free to Every Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder Disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Cystitis, Gravel, Female Complaints, or other afflictions due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all readers to send their name and address to the company, and receive the Large Case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

DOBBINS' Floating-Borax Soap is not an imitation. It is original. The only soap that floats, contains Borax, and is one hundred per cent pure. It is worthy a trial. Every lady who tries it continues its use. Red wrapper.

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HAVE you ever tried the Lehigh Valley Railroad's dining-car service? The appointments are elegant; every dish is a revelation of gastronomic art, and the service is à la carte, you only paying for what you order.

Use Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

NAUSEA after eating means digestion needs assistance. Take half a wine-glass of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

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TROY, N. Y.

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#### Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills.

A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you; impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.  
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**DR. CHARCOT'S KOLA Nervine Tablets**

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"I am assured by careful inquiry among leading physicians and personal friends who have used it—and in whom I have the utmost confidence—that Dr. Charcot's Kola Nervine Tablets are invaluable in insomnia and in all nervous diseases."  
—EDW. E. HALE.

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Thrifty Phyllis goes to town,  
 Leaves her gallant sighing:  
 Phyllis maketh o'er a gown,  
 That is why she goeth down;  
     She would be a-buying  
 Ivory Soap, to cleanse it sweetly,  
 Ribbons, that shall deck it neatly;  
 Back she'll soon be flying.

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